

Oxford Democrat.

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OLD SERIES, NO. 39, VOLUME 18.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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the Daily Advertiser Office, Boston, is our Agent for
the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and
Baltimore.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POLTRY.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY D. W. HOLMES.

I saw him there before—

He passed by if I do not—

Again and again—

The pavement stones resound—

As he loiters 'twix the ground—

With his cane.

They say that in his prime—

He was the proudest look of Time—

Cut him down—

Not a better man was found—

By the e'er so high round—

Through the town—

But now he walks the streets—

And looks at all he meets—

So forlorn—

And shakes his feeble head—

That it seems as if he said—

"They are gone!"

The mossy marble rest—

On the lips that he has pressed—

In their bloom—

And the names he loved to hear—

Have been a carol for many a year—

On the tomb!

My grandmamma left said—

For old I am she is dead—

Long ago—

Then he had a Roman name—

And his cloak was like a robe—

In the snow—

But now his note is thin—

And it rests upon his chair—

Like a staff—

And a crook in his back—

And a melancholy crack—

In his laugh—

I know it is sin—

For me to sit and grin—

At him here—

But the old he combed his hair—

And the bushes—
and all that, etc.

And if I should live to die—

The last leaf upon the tree—

In the spring—

Let them smile as I do now—

At the old forsaken bough—

Where I sing—

EMBODIMENT.

CHINA.

The Chinese Empire, embracing China proper, Corea, China, Tartary, and Tibet, and which is situated in the eastern part of Asia, and south of Russia, is an enormous dominion, extending over 75 degrees of latitude, and 150 of longitude, covering an area of 2,600,000 square miles, or little less than one-seventh of the entire globe, which embraces 500,000,000 and about 31,000,000 of English acres. It is a vast plain; though it contains several ranges of mountains, and is well watered by several large rivers and their tributaries. One of its rivers is among the largest in the world, being second only to the Amazon and Mississippi. It has several large lakes—one 250, and another 200 miles in circumference. The climate is colder than in Europe, in the same degree of latitude, the winter being very severe about two months.

The government of China extends an influence over nearly as much of the earth's surface as England and Russia, and over a greater number of people.

No nation has undergone less change, nor been less affected by other nations; they seem to have grown up as distinct from the rest of mankind, as if they had been the inhabitants of another planet; retaining all their national peculiarities, just as much as if they had never had any intercourse with any other portion of the world. They are the same people now, in their peculiarities, which they are represented to have been from the beginning, though subject to 20 dynasties and 230 emperors. When China has been conquered it has been to the conqueror, for the subjugating power has left the government unchanged, and conformed to, and perpetuated its laws, institutions and customs.

The population of China is estimated to be over 400,000,000, about four-tenths of the population of the globe, and 125 to every square mile. Its growth has been gradual. In 1393, it contained 60,000,000; in 1753, 102,000,000; and in 1792, 207,000,000; in 1812, 302,000,000, and in 1840, 400,000,000. The population has doubled several times during the last century, and is now increasing at the rate of 3 per cent. annually, or 12,000,000 a year. In another century, at the present rate of increase their population will be 800,000,000. The rate of increase is equal to that of the United States—the most rapid in any nation in the world.

It is a matter of no little difficulty to give a succinct history of such a people, whose age is, probably about 2000 years.

The soil is exceedingly fertile. The Chinese are of middling size, their faces broad, foreheads large, eyes black and small, ears large, high cheek bones, noses short and blunt, lips large and thick, and fingers long and slim. They are mild, intelligent, and very timid and peaceful, but generally vain and artful. Their complexion is sallow, or tawny, and they suffer the nails to grow, also a lock of hair on the top of their head.

Though great multitudes live in populous towns and cities, their territory is generally settled, at least four-fifths of it. This gives 165 inhabitants to the square mile. There are, in the Empire, 4400 walled cities. The principal ones are Pekin, Nankin and Canton. Pekin is one of the largest cities in the world, having a population 3,000,000, being 14 miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall 30 feet high—Nankin, distinguished for its extensive manufacture of silks, crepes, and muskens, has population of 2,000,000. Canton, first commercial city in China, and the only one with which foreigners were permitted, until recently, to trade, numbers 1,000,000 of inhabitants. It is surrounded by a wall erected A. D. 1072.

These cities, though among the largest in the world, are quite inferior to some of the greatest cities of antiquity. Thebes was 27 miles, Athens 25, and Carthage 30 miles in circumference.

The wall of Rome was 13 miles, and Nineveh was 50 miles in circumference. Its walls were 100 feet high, and sufficiently wide on the top for three chariots to run abreast—23 or 30 feet, Babylon was 90 miles in circumference within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with a hundred brazen gates. The streets of cities in China are very narrow, often so narrow that a man often runs against the side as he walks them. They are generally 4 or 5 feet wide, and paved with large flat stones, generally granite. Many of their narrow roads are paved in the same manner.

Their dress is generally very economical, poorer classes wear a cheap cotton cloth. The cotton from an acre of ground will clothe 200 or 300 persons. The officers of government, the literati, and the wealthy, dress in rich silks, embroidered often with gold. The costume of both sexes is very simple, consisting of very large, long pants, and a robe and conical cap. The Chinese ladies are distinguished from the Tartar ladies by a slight difference in dress and their small feet.

The costume of the Tartar females is very similar to that of the males, consisting of the same cap and flowing robe, but distinguished by peculiar sleeves and a graceful gait; while the dress of the Chinese females contains another underdrift, and sometimes two, visible below the robe, which is as long as that worn by the Tartars. The robe is made of heavy plaited folds; the trousers are very large and loose, hanging down so low as nearly to cover up the golden lilies, as the Chinese poetically call the and even worn out clothes, from his acquaintance small feet, from the supposed resemblance of the feet to their favorite lilies, or water lily. The custom of swathing and curtailing the feet was introduced by the Emperor, a Chinaman, after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty, that he was often without the means of paying his sons (five pence) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even his pocket-book, and even worn out clothes, from his acquaintance small feet, from the supposed resemblance of the feet to their favorite lilies, or water lily. The custom of swathing and curtailing the feet was introduced by the Emperor, a Chinaman, after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty, that he was often without the means of paying his sons (five pence) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all.

—NAPOLON BONAPARTE'S POVERTY IN EARLY LIFE.

M. Thebaut, in his history of the

French revolution, says, "through and throughout

unknown particulars respecting the early life

and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears

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the initials "B. L." inscribed upon the inside. One glance was sufficient.

"It is, it is!" he exclaimed. "The very ring I once placed upon her mother's finger with my own hand!" Overpowered for a moment with the violence of his emotions, he sank into a chair. Then starting up suddenly, he drew the bewildered Carrie to his bosom, and folded his arms around her. "My daughter! My long lost daughter! Oh, God! Is she restored to me at last?" And the strong man wept convulsively.

Mr. Devoe's tears fell fast, and it was some time before a word was spoken by either. Carrie trembling, and numbed at this change and unexpected turn of affairs, struggled to release herself from Col. Leigh's embrace, and looked with mute inquiry from one to the other. Mr.

Devoe was first to recover himself, and in a few minutes all was explained to her. The gentle girl looked up earnestly into her now-familiar parent's face; then assured there could be no mistake, she twined her arms around his neck, and kissing her face upon his shoulder, wept with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Who shall describe the feelings of father and child as they thus stood locked in each other's embrace?

Col. Leigh at length raised his head and looked around him. "Where is Vivian?" he asked. "My son does not know that a joyful surprise is in store for him. Will you have the goodness to summon him hither?"

Mr. Devoe immediately rang for a servant, and despatched a message to the parlor. In a few minutes Vivian and Dora entered looking a little discomposed at this unceremonious interruption of a very delightful interview; but this was soon forgotten in the new surprise that met them.

"Here, Vivian," said Col. Leigh approaching him, and leading Carrie by the hand, "behind your only sister, she that was lost and is found. Nay, my son," he added, as Vivian started back bewildered and amazed, "it is indeed so. All shall be explained to you presently."

Vivian hesitated a moment. "My sister," he exclaimed, springing forward and clasping Carrie in a fraternal embrace. "Can this be possible?" he asked, looking upon her with pride and delight, while he kissed again and again the cheek, brow and lips of the young girl, who nevertheless smiled and blushed thro' her tears.

"There can be no doubt," said Col. Leigh, "and you will say so when you have heard all. Besides my own heart assures me, that she can be no other than my own beloved daughter; and with a look of pride, he laid his hand upon the head of Carrie.

Meanwhile another spectator was added to this highly interesting scene, in the person of Mr. Devoe's nephew Philip Ross. Observing his look of blank amazement, and Dora's less astonished appearance, Mr. Devoe, remarked, wiping his eyes—

"Dora and Philip, I perceive, are at loss to account for this sudden turn of affairs. We will endeavor to enlighten them. With your

All listened, and Mr. Devoe gave a brief outline of the events with which we have acquainted the reader, including the most prominent circumstances that went to prove the existence of the newly-discovered relationship between Carrie and Col. Leigh.

"We can never repay Mr. Devoe," said Col. Leigh to Vivian, at the conclusion of the recital, "for his kindness to this precious girl," drawing Carrie towards him as he spoke. "We must ever be under obligations to him too great to be cancelled."

"No, I assure you," replied Mr. Devoe, "the knowledge that I have been instrumental in restoring her to your arms, is in itself sufficient compensation. Yet I confess," he added, he stooped down and kissed the cheek of Carrie while a tear fell from his own, "I hardly know how to give her up to you after all."

"You shall be my father still," exclaimed Carrie eagerly seizing his hand in both hers, and looking up with grateful affection to his face. That is, I will have two fathers. I cannot lose you and Dora both."

"Call me what you please, my dear, and if male instead of father, be assured I shall be quite satisfied," Mr. Devoe answered with a sly smile. "The ingrate whom thou last fathomed with thy abundance, he rose against thee—traitor to his mother—and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast however, hear the last part of this remark, for at that moment, Vivian, who was sitting near her, bent towards her and whispered a few words in her ear. She gave a start of joyful surprise, and looked at Dora, to whose cheeks the rich blood came rushing up, for she guessed the nature of the information Vivian had imparted.

"And so whispered she, passing her arm over the young girl's neck, "You will still be my own loved sister, will you not? Dear Dora—O, I am so glad!"

Dora warmly returned the caress, and felt, if she did not say it, that she too was rejoiced to think their sisterly relationship was to continue.

Observing that young Ross stood aloof from the rest, silent, and evidently much disturbed, Vivian rose up and approached him. Drawing him to the window, he placed his hand on the young man's arm, and said, in a low voice—

"We have misunderstood each other too long my friend. I have supposed you loved Dora; you have thought that I was ungenerously seeking to win your promised bride for myself. But I know all now. It is Dora whom I have loved. And congratulate me that she is now and will be, all to me that my sweet sister is to you."

"I do—I do, indeed," replied the young man, warily returning the pressure of Vivian's hand, while a glow of pleasure lighted up his face. "Heaven bless you for these words. Pardon me for having misjudged you."

"I am so, so sure, Col. Leigh," said Mr. Devoe smiling, "that you will have to lose your new-found treasure after all. I am certain, at power."

least, that she does not bring you an undivided heart."

As might be supposed this remark brought a deluge of crimson to the face and neck of Carrie, while Philip who had just then approached the group, cast down his eyes in painful embarrassment, thinking perhaps that his good uncle was a little too lavish of the information he possessed.

"Well," said Col. Leigh, pitying the embarrassment of the lovers, "I shall be quite satisfied with a portion of her heart. I will not be so exacting as to cause her to regret the discovery of her filial relation to me. And she may be assured," he added bending over his daughter and lowering his voice, "I shall not withhold my sanction to what has obtained her consent."

Young Ross caught the words, however, and looking his grateful thanks, sprang to the side of Carrie. Without speaking, Col. Leigh took the hand of his daughter, and at a moment when he was not observed by the others, placed it significantly in that of the young man and turned away.

"And now," said Vivian, approaching Mr. Devoe, and leading Dora by the hand, "there remains but one thing more to complete my happiness. You have bestowed on me a sister, and now I am going to ask you for a bride—May I hope, sir, that you will not withhold your sanction to a union with this lovely girl?"

Mr. Devoe looked aghast. "Well, I declare. There is no end to surprises!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, and regarding the young couple before him with a stare of amazement.

"It seems," observed Col. Leigh, enjoying Mr. Devoe's surprise at what his superior penetration had foreseen long before—"it seems, that as you have given Vivian a sister, he is desirous of repaying the debt in some measure by becoming a son to you."

"Well, young folks will be young folks," said Mr. Devoe with his usual good nature, "and I suppose we may as well humor their whims once in a while, especially in matters so near the heart. So, my dear fellow," he added, turning to Vivian, "if you are anxious to surrender your freedom into the hands of this giddy-hearted thing, I will promise not to throw any obstacle in the way. Take her and may God bless this."

The Spanish troops at present at Rome have received orders to return to Spain.

Sir H. Bulwer, Minister to the U. S. and suite

went on board the Ile de France on the 15th,

but had not sailed up to the evening of the same day.

RETURN OF SIR JAMES ROSS.—The expedition under Capt. Sir John Ross, into Scarcborough on Saturday night, Nov. 7th, on their

passage from the Arctic regions, having been perfectly unsuccessful in their search for the gallant

Franklin and his brave companions. The two

ships wintered at Port Leopold, at the entrance

of Prince Regent's inlet and Barrow's Straits.

On May 16, Sir. J. Ross, with a party of sea-

men, set out and travelled 200 miles along the

coast of North Somerset, south side of Barrow's

Straits, on land never before trod by civilized

man.

The expedition returned after being out forty

days, during which time not the slightest clue

was obtained of the lost navigators. The En-

gineer has lost four men during the voyage,

and her consort, the Investigator, three.

JI. E. M.

INCUBUS NEWS.

SIR JAMES RANKIN.

The British Steamship *Canada* arrived at Halifax on Wednesday last. She sailed from Liverpool the 17th.

Political news is unimportant; the most gratifying feature in the week, is the account of the interview between the President of France and Mr. Rives, the new American Minister, at Ely-

see National. The American Minister made an address adapted to the occasion; but observed a total silence respecting the misunderstanding between France and the United States, arising out of the conduct of M. Poussin. The Presi-

dent however, alluded to the affair in terms flat-

tering to the American Minister and his coun-

try, adding, that in consequence of that misun-

derstanding, if Mr. Rives had been a Monar-

chical Ambassador instead of a Republican Min-

ister, he, the President, should have been depre-

dered of the honor of receiving him.

From Hungary we learn that fresh condem-

nations are taking place, and no fewer than 15 ad-

ditional executions at Arad are threatened daily.

A valetudinary address of Kossoth to his

countrymen, written at Orsova, has been pub-

lished. It is written in his most enthusiastic po-

etical style. He alludes to George as follows:

"The ingrate whom thou last fathomed with thy

abundance, he rose against thee—traitor to his

mother—and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast

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new-found treasure after all. I am certain, at

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There appears no present probability of the

state of siege at Vienna being raised.

The presence of the English Naval forces at

the Dardanelles, and the hourly expected arri-

val of the French fleet occasions some excite-

ment at Constantinople, and the Emperor of

Russia continues to show not a little irritation at

the decisive attitudes taken by France and Eng-

land.

From Rome we have but little certain infor-

mation that is interesting. It seems, however,

that the Pope really mediates an early return

to Rome; and indeed his arrival at one moment

was actually announced.

SPAIN.—The session of the Cortes has been

opened without the customary speech, which has

given rise to animated attacks by M. Olazaga

and his friends against their implacable enemies

Narvarez and his colleagues.

The dispute between the Emperor of Moro-

cco and the French seems to increase in violence.

The French Consul at Madrid has been treat-

ed harshly and ignominiously, and a French

frigate has been sent to his relief.

Another and the strong man and his son

and his son have been sent to the French

ambassador.

There is now every probability of the affair ending in the

bombardment of Tangier.

LATEST FROM LONDON.—Evening of Nov.

16th, advices from Constantinople to the 1st inst.

states that a British fleet was at anchor in

Berlin Bay, and would remain there until the

arrival of the courier with the answer of the

Czar.

Mr. Devoe's tears fell fast, and it was some

would be esteemed good property—would be esteemed with a sign over it of 20 and so "general merchants."

DEMOCRATS—SUPPORT YOUR PRESSES.

The Augusta (Geo.) Constitutionalists call on the democrats of that State to support their papers, and gives cogent reasons why they should do it, and these reasons apply with equal force to the democrats of Maine. Take care of the democratic press, and not let it half famish for the want of that support to which it is equitably entitled. The party burdens are chiefly thrown upon it—its conductors labor for the cause the whole time year after year, and not merely a short time just previous to elections like others—they spend and are spent for the benefit of the good cause, and is not the "labor, or worthy of his hire?" They continually do, estimate correct principles, scatter truth and light and are constantly on duty as sentinels to defend the camp and sound the alarm at approaching danger. Democrats, give your press, what they deserve; as they are constantly in the fight furnish them with rations and the sins of war:

(From the *Augusta Constitutional*.)

The late Democratic victory in Georgia was achieved after a warm and energetic canvas.

Render who did the hard work? Who toiled and labored for the support of the Democratic principles, and the dissemination of its political truths? Who were the most efficient and undivided advocates of the cause of Democracy and its candidates? and by whose energies and unflinching exertions was the glorious result achieved? Who but the editors—the hard working, sleeplessly vigilant editors of the Democratic press? It is well known to all that there was no stump speaking this year—there were no political discussions, and all the leading politicians have had a comparatively easy time of it.

Remember then, Democrats, in the hour of your triumph and exultation, the services of the newspaper press—remember to whom it is you owe, in a large measure, the victory that has been won, and remember that it is your true policy and your duty as good Democrats to sustain those who sustain your cause.

Every Democrat in Georgia, who can afford it, should take at least one Democratic paper—The interests of the press he should take warmly at heart, and should promote its welfare by his own subscriptions, promptly paid—by his influence and his exertions among his friends and neighbors. It is this sort of support that makes a party press, in return, efficient and energetic, and stimulates it to renewed exertions.

MARK THEM!—CHEAP POSTAGE—ANY THING BUT JUSTICE!—We have for a month past watched all the communications and editorial articles that have appeared in papers coming under observation in the large cities, and among all and amid all the variety of opinions expressed, we have in every instance noticed one steady and uniform doctrine always adhered to, and that is that all newspaper postage shall be paid at a uniform rate, and that all shall pay one cent; in other words, that whatever shall or may come to benefit others, we poor editors and proprietors of country newspapers must understand that we are never to have the first shadow of a benefit! Other interests may be aided, but ours, having been once favored and then cheated, shall be subjected to the continued and unending imposition of never having rates cheaper than the highest ever known. To make the thing richer, too, they call their plans just rates!

Now, brethren and friends engaged in publishing country papers, and hoping to live by the business, we beseech you to mark the rich progress of our city friends and cheap postage champions, and then let us see whether we alone shall remain quiet a proscribed and overtaxed class in this free country to benefit the literary leasers, quakers, and squirts, mammoth chaff mills of Philadelphia, New York and Boston. They only wish to tax the Post Office department to the amount of tens of thousands per annum for the conveyance of tons of their trash as the story of the Babes in the Wood, Goody Two Shoes, or the Adventures of Bobby the Bold, throughout the Union, and tax our circulation to pay the expense. It is not beautiful! (Poughkeepsie Eagle.)

It is said that Col. James Watson Webb is to go to Austria as Minister. That gentleman once said he "neither asked, nor would accept an appointment under General Taylor," and General Taylor said the Colonel should receive no appointment. It would seem that both have changed their minds; but by what lugger-mug going process does not appear. Well, Austria is a good place for the Colonel. If so old Haym will be soon companion—Argus.

VERMONT.—By the Montpelier Patriot of Monday morning, we learn that in the election of delegates to the convention to amend the constitution, "145 towns send 95 democrats and 50 long team, being a gain of 70 as compared with the same towns at the last September election. There can be no doubt but the democrats will have a decided majority in the convention." The phrase "long team" applies to the Taylor whigs. It seems the people will not trust them to amend the constitution.

J. T. Huston has dissolved his editorial connection with the Bath Times. He has issued a prospectus in which he announces that he will commence at Bath, the publication of a new paper, entitled *A Journal of Education*, devoted to the interest of common schools, to scientific and literary subjects—as soon as one thousand subscribers can be obtained. Terms, \$1.00 per annum. We wish the publisher ample success in so laudable an undertaking.

CITY OF GARDINER. A week ago yesterday the citizens of Gardiner voted on the acceptance of the City charter, which resulted in an affirmative vote by a majority of fifty-one.

"NOT FIT TO BE MADE!"—Webster's argument is stinging. In his late speech at Boston, he must have referred to the recent condemnation of Taylorism when he used the following language:

"Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning, and the earthquake are terrible, but the judgment of the people is more so."

BRIGHAM MARKET,

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.]

THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1849.

At Market 550 Sheep Cattle, 875 Stores, 2200 Sheep, and 720 Swine.

Priceless Beef Cutlets.—In consequence of Thanksgiving being this week, purchases were not very spirit, and prices had rather a downward tendency. We quote Extra \$1 a 25; first quality \$1 a 25; second \$1 a 25; third \$1 a 25.

Stores—Two stores old \$1 a 25; a year old \$14.

Working Oxen—Sole \$125, \$10, \$5, and \$3.

Cows and Calves—No sales noticed.

Sheep—Dulls \$142, 1 1/2, 1 1/2, 1 1/2, 2 1/2.

Swine—A lot of fat Hogs to slaughter, 4 1/2 a lot.

Sheep to peddles, 3 1/2 and 4 1/2; at retail from 4 to 12.

Working Oxen—Sole \$125, \$10, \$5, and \$3.

Cows and Calves—No sales noticed.

Sheep—Dulls \$142, 1 1/2, 1 1/2, 1 1/2, 2 1/2.

Swine—A lot of fat Hogs to slaughter, 4 1/2 a lot.

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